

213 Tha Gangsta Clicc

213

He he, yeah that's that shit right there
Is this that shit that make a nigga just
It remind me of, matter of fact I'ma tell y'all
I wasn't gonna share this but I'll share it witch'all
Check this out
I slid up in a party where some suckers was at
Out of bounds, slipping, fucking with this hood rat
My homeboy told me that the bitch wasn't shit
But I didn't give a fuck 'cuz this twin a Crip
The first young nigga with a baseball cap
Tried to hit a nigga up until he seen how we strut
I'm like "Nigga, take two steps back"
Now lower your voice before you get pimp slapped
I know you seen me on your MTV raps
Way back in the days when I was with Fab' Five Freddy
I told you then, I told you now, boy I stay ready
Don't sweat it, we'll get him and then met him
Talk shit for a minute then deal with him
Hail Mary, call Makavelli to come and save your ass
'Cuz I'ma put my Chucks up in it so quick and so fast
You use some act-right like LaBetty
And let you know that I'm the king of this motherfucking city
Like Frank White, Nino Brown, John Gotti, Tony Soprano
Joey Banana and the great Tony Montana
All of 'em mixed in one fixed to done I like playing it six-to-one
This is fun, shooting my guns, counting my funds
And walking on you bitch niggaz that run I'm from
213, the gangsta clicc
21 motherfucking 3 nigga
All we do is the gangsta shit
Gangsta shit, biatch
213 the gangsta clicc
Haha and you know it, nigga
Straight up
All we do is the gangsta shit
Y'all know what's happening
Haha
I shoot 'em up, I bang bang
Or we can duke 'em up but you know you can't hang

Still from the beach, still A G thang
213 in the house and you know how we came
We came to party homie, so back up
Plus up in the club, y'all don't have a body
I bust guns, you bust guns
Difference is my bullets probably touch the sun
Want some? Come and get it
On your marks, get set, blah!
That's coming with it

They won't stop, they'll get it, you don't get it
It don't stop, still don't love bitches
My G-niggaz, holler if ya hear me
(Gangstas!)

Speak it loud and clearly
If you feel me raise your cups
(East Side, Long Beach)
Blaze it up and we from
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You can call me Lil' Meeno
Crazy motherfucker plus I'm Texas C-Notes
His finger on the trigger but it way too slow
You didn't see me coming so we missing his dome
213 and we gone

You can call me Nate King Cole
Smooth motherfucker when it come to these hos
All damn dimes up in every area codes
Gangsta shit, yep and all the hos know
When they go rolling in the stretch Navigator
We gon' get it baby girl now or later
She said she wanted to play so I played her
Made a promise to pay, but never paid her
It ain't that a hater
It's just she's a goddamn ho
And all of my niggaz know
They knowin' since '94

Wherever we go, she gon' go
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